

One night, I had the worst possible nightmare... an Amazonian nightmare. After trying to catch some sleep, I had finally fallen asleep, but had these strange occurrences visiting me, instead of a peaceful rest:

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It was early night in the Amazonian community. Everything was as it had been for some time... the same. By now, everyone knew each other, and was repeating a routine - the same sleepy faces around the village in the morning, the cheerful lunch and dinner gatherings, swimming either in the river or in the ocean... Endless lazy lovemaking and cuddling all around. My gypsy blood was beginning to grow restless.

Looking out of the hut I was sitting in, updating my www files, I could see they were again planning to dance around the campfire tonight. In fact, a few of them had dropped by to ask me to unsubscribe them from euro-sappho as they were now too busy for their former non-amazonian pastimes.

The campfire party for tonight was going to be a mother/daughter party. Mothers were bringing their daughters and daughters their mothers, while lovers were going to play either mother and daughter, two mothers or two daughters, each according their tastes. I decided it was not for me.

In this restless mood, I started to think of my encounter with the Snowdyke. It had been an adventure both wild and sweet. Where was Snow tonight? Was she thinking of me still? Why hadn't I stayed with her a while longer, trying to communicate with her, get to know her strange and wild soul? Surely, Snow deserved to be more than just an object of a lustful dream. She, too, must be a somehow human being with all the complexities it implied.

Now I had something to strive for - I was going to find the Snowdyke, and instead of just sinking my teeth into her wonderful and willing flesh, I was going to try to become her friend!

Where to look? The 'Snow in Amazonia' link on the www home page created by the genie no longer worked. 'Warning: Unable to connect to remote host!' had been the frustrating result for some time now. Still, Snow must be out there, somewhere, www accessible or not.

Asking around in the nearby huts produced meager results. Women were busy finishing their mother/daughter outfits, and in one hut, I clearly disturbed the inhabitants at the wrong moment, while the 'mother' was suckling her very grown-up and hungry baby daughter. Fortunately they hardly seemed to notice me at all.

One of the village women grew wistful after listening to my questions, though. "Snow? Snow is something extraordinary!" she said, and blushed. Then she told that I might find what I was looking for in high and mountainous places.

Of course. I ran back to my hut and started a WAIS search. 'snow' and 'dyke', 'mountain' and 'amazonia' - something must work! Finally, I had a link to try, and with trembling fingers, I clicked it...

There I was again! It was moonlight, and the ground was white, and the giant mountainous fells with their secret caverns loomed in front of me. Something was different, though. The snow was icy and very thin - and this time, there were no violet and purple skis. I looked around for the Snowdyke, but there was no one behind those trees, not a shadow. It was a quiet evening, and it was beginning to feel rather lonely.

I decided to climb towards the mountains, to the direction where Snow had once run with me under her big strong arm. Walking on the slippery ice was slow and uncertain going, but I had set my mind on the task.

After what seemed hours, the moon had disappeared and it was very dark indeed. I still had found no sign of Snowdyke, and I was beginning to doubt I'd ever find her stinky but exciting cave again. Then, I saw a faint glimmer of light. It must be what I had been looking for! With frozen feet I half ran towards it.

At the door of a familiar cave, I was almost smiling. Snow must be home, and glad to see me after all this time.

Entering the cave, I saw at once that it looked different from what I remembered. The place where I had spent moments of utter lust with a wild creature was gone. Instead, there was some furniture, a tv set and Snow herself, sitting on a worn sofa covered with empty beer cans. Upon seeing me, she greeted me cheerfully: "Hey, pretty lady, looking for a good time? Bring me another beer from the fridge and ... " (with a wolfish grin) "... come and sit with me!"

Bewildered, I looked around and spotted a refrigerator. Opening it, I found it was still half full of strong Danish import beer. I took a new can and gave it to Snow, who gave an appreciating burp and said: "Good, you seem to know how to give pleasure..."

"Snow, so you can ... speak?" I finally managed to stutter. She gave me a very butch and cheerful laugh: "Ohh... so you're one of those nice chicks I get to meet when I play the wildwoman in those netsex www parties? Great!" (looking me up and down) "When did we meet? And what did we do? It must've been quite \*something\* since you are here again! Want the next round? Fine with me!"

Still trying to transform the place into something more pleasant and familiar from my memories, I looked around me, aghast: tv blaring at high volume... it was 'Playboy Special' tonight. Snow gave another drunken burp that smelled of strong beer, while watching my body with a very sleazy look in her knowing eyes. "Bring your hot little pussy here," she suggested eagerly, but I was standing where I was, like carved of stone.

Growing tired of waiting, Snow suddenly stood up and seized me. "The bed is in that direction. Hurry up!" She then threw me onto the bed, and descended on me, so that I cold hardly breathe. There was a beer can under my back, and while Snow peeled my pants off, the can hit a sore point - hurting me enough to make me finally wake up from the nightmare.

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Very much hoping it was really just a dream, I stay awake in my bed for a very long time. Which of my dreams was real? What was happening with Amazonia? What kind of reality next?